

Rev. J. S. ...
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REVIVAL HYMNS.

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R E V I V A L




H Y M N S .

SELECTED BY REV. A. BROWN,

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REVIVAL HYMNS

1 *Young People Invited.* L. M.

1 YOUNG people all, in blooming days.
Hear what your Lord and Saviour says:
Now is the time to seek my face,
The time to share my sovereign grace.

2 I now with gospel banner stand,
With peace and pardon in my hand;
Saying to sinners in their prime,
Come, now is the accepted time.

3 Poor broken hearts, why do you mourn,
Like some forsaken dove forlorn?
I am your Saviour, come rejoice,
And raise to heaven your cheerful voice.

4 Come, you that mourn, lament and weep,
And long to be among my sheep,
'Tis my delight to set you free
From sin and death and misery.

5 Forsake the world with all its fame,
Take up my cross--despise the shame;
And now pursue the living way,
That leads to everlasting day.

2 *Address to Old and Young.* C. M. double.

1 Dear people, all attention give
To what a friend shall say:
I wish your souls with Christ to live,
In everlasting day.

Remember you are hastening on
To Death's dark gloomy shade;
Your joys on earth will soon be gone,
Your flesh in dust be laid.

2 Death's iron gate you must pass thro',
Ere long, my aged friend;
If in your sins where must you go,
When time with you shall end?
Pray meditate before too late,
While in a gospel land;
Behold the Saviour at the gate
Most lovingly doth stand.

3 Young men, how can you turn your face
From such a glorious Friend?
Will you pursue the dangerous race?
Ah! fear you not the end?
Will you pursue that dangerous road
Which leads to death and hell?
And still rush on as foes to God,
And with destruction dwell?

4 Young women, too, what will you do,
If out of Christ you die?
From all God's people you must go,
To weep, lament and cry;
Where not the least relief you'll find
To mitigate your pain;
Your pleasures all be left behind,
Your souls in death remain.

5 Come, old and young, who feel your guilt,
The fountain's opened wide;

For you that precious blood was spilt,
 Which flowed from Jesus' side.
 Here you may drink in endless joy,
 And sing redeeming love,
 Till harps of gold your hands employ
 In praising Christ above.

3 *The Prodigal Son.* C. M. double.

- 1 Afflictions, though they seem severe,
 In mercy oft are sent ;
 They stopp'd the prodigal's career,
 And caused him to repent.
 Although he no relenting felt,
 Till he had spent his store,
 His stubborn heart began to melt,
 When famine pinched him sore.
- 2 "What have I gained by sin," he said,
 "But hunger, shame and fear ?
 My father's house abounds with bread,
 While I am starving here.
 I'll go and tell him all I've done,
 And fall before his face ;
 Unworthy to be called a son,
 I'll seek a servant's place."
- 3 His father saw him coming back,
 He looked and ran and smiled,
 And threw his arms around the neck
 Of his repenting child.
 "Father, I've sinn'd, but, O forgive !"
 "Enough," the father said ;
 "Rejoice, my house, my son's alive,
 For whom I mourn'd as dead !

- 4 "Now let the fatted calf be slain,
 And spread the news around ;
 My son was dead, but lives again,
 Was lost, but now is found."
 'Tis thus the Lord his grace reveals,
 To call poor sinners home ;
 More than a father's love he feels,
 And welcomes all that come.
-

4 *Wondrous Love.* P. M.

- 1 What wondrous love is this! O my soul!
 O my soul!
 What wondrous love is this, O my soul!
 What wondrous love is this,
 That caused the Lord of bliss
 To send this precious peace To my soul,
 To my soul!
 To send this precious peace To my soul.
- 2 When I was sinking down, sinking, &c.
 When I was sinking down, sinking down,
 When I was sinking down
 Beneath God's righteous frown,
 Christ laid aside his crown, For my soul, &c.
 Christ laid aside his crown, For my soul.
- 3 Ye winged seraphs, fly, Bear the news, &c.
 Ye winged seraphs, fly, Bear the news.
 Ye winged seraphs, fly,
 Like comets through the sky,
 Fill vast eternity With the news, &c.
 Fill vast eternity With the news.

4 Ye friends of Zion's King, join the praise, &c.
 Ye friends of Zion's King, join the praise.
 Ye friends of Zion's King
 With hearts and voices sing,
 And strike each tuneful string, In his praise,
 And strike each tuneful string, In his praise.

5 To God and to the Lamb, I will sing, &c.
 To God and to the Lamb, I will sing;
 To God and to the Lamb,
 Jehovah, Great I AM,
 While millions join the theme, I will sing, &c.
 While millions join the theme, I will sing..

6 And when from death I'm free, I'll sing on, &c.
 And when from death I'm free, I'll sing on,
 And when from death I'm free,
 I'll sing and joyful be,
 And through eternity I'll sing on, &c.
 And through eternity I'll sing on.

5 *Encouragement to the Pilgrim.* 7, 8.

- 1 There is a land of pleasure,
 Where peace and joy forever roll;
 'Tis there I have my treasure,
 And there I long to rest my soul.
 Long darkness dwelt around me,
 With scarcely once a cheering ray;
 But since the Saviour found me,
 A lamp has shone along my way.
- 2 My way is full of danger,
 But 'tis the path that leads to God;
 And like a faithful soldier,
 I'll march along the heavenly road.

Now I must gird my sword on,
My breastplate, helmet and my shield,
And fight the hosts of Satan,
Until I reach the heav'nly field.

3 I'm on my way to Zion,
Still guarded by my Saviour's hand.
O come along, dear sinners,
And view Emmanuel's happy land.
To all that stay behind me,
I bid a long and sad farewell ;
O come, or you'll repent it,
When you shall reach the gates of hell.

4 The vale of tears surrounds me,
And Jordan's current rolls before ;
O how I stand and tremble
To hear the dismal waters roar !
Whose hand shall then support me,
And keep my soul from sinking there,
From sinking down to darkness,
And to the regions of despair ?

5 This stream shall not affright me,
Although it take me to the grave,
If Jesus stand beside me,
I'll safely ride on Jordan's wave.
His word can calm the ocean,
His lamp can cheer the gloomy vale ;
O may this friend be with me,
When thro' the gates of death I sail.

6 Come, then, thou king of terrors,
Thy fatal dart may lay me low ;

But soon I'll reach those regions
 Where everlasting pleasures flow.
 O sinners, I must leave you,
 And join that blest immortal band,
 No more to stand beside you,
 Till at the Judgment bar we stand.

- 7 Soon the archangel's trumpet
 Shall shake the globe from pole to pole,
 And all the wheels of nature
 Shall in a moment cease to roll;
 Then we shall see the Saviour,
 With shining ranks of angels come,
 To execute his vengeance,
 And take his ransomed people home.

6

God, all and in all.

S. M.

- 1 My God, my life, my love,
 To thee, to thee I call;
 I cannot live if thou remove,
 For thou art all in all.
- 2 Thy shining grace can cheer
 This dungeon where I dwell;
 'Tis paradise if thou art here,
 If thou depart, 'tis hell.
- 3 The smilings of thy face,
 How amiable they are!
 'Tis heaven to rest in thine embrace,
 And nowhere else but there.
- 4 To thee and thee alone,
 The angels owe their bliss;
 They sit around thy gracious throne,
 And dwell where Jesus is.

- 5 Not all the harps above
 Can make a heavenly place,
 If God his residence remove
 Or but conceal his face.
- 6 Nor earth, nor all the sky,
 Can one delight afford,
 No, not a drop of real joy,
 Without thy presence, Lord.
- 7 Thou art the sea of love
 Where all my pleasures roll,
 The circle where my passions move,
 And centre of my soul.
- 8 To thee my spirits fly,
 With infinite desire;
 And yet how far from thee I lie—
 Dear Jesus, raise me higher!

7 *Groaning for Heavenly Bliss.* 8s.

- 1 Still out of the deepest abyss
 Of trouble I mournfully cry;
 And pine to recover my peace,
 And see my Redeemer and die.
 I cannot, I cannot forbear
 These passionate longings for home;
 O when will my spirit be there!
 O when will the messenger come!
- 2 Thy nature I long to put on,
 Thine image on earth to regain;
 And then in the grave to lay down
 This burden of body and pain.

O Jesus, in pity draw near,
And lull me to sleep on thy breast,
Appear, to my rescue appear,
And gather me into thy rest.

3 To take a poor fugitive in,
The arms of thy mercy display;
And give me to rest from all sin,
And bear me triumphant away;
Away from a world of distress,
Away to the mansions above;
A heaven of seeing thy face,
A heaven of feeling thy love.

8 *Young Soldiers Encouraged.* 8, 7.

1 Dark and thorny is the desert
Thro' which pilgrims make their way,
But beyond this vale of sorrows
Lie the fields of endless day.
Fiends loud howling through the desert
Make them tremble as they go,
And the fiery darts of Satan
Often bring their courage low.

2 O young soldiers, are you weary
Of the troubles of the way?
Does your strength begin to fail you,
And your vigor to decay?
Jesus, Jesus will go with you,
He will lead you to his throne;
He who dyed his garments for you,
And the wine-press trod alone.

3 He whose thunder shakes creation,
He who bids the planets roll;

He who rides upon the tempest,
And whose sceptre sways the whole,
'Round him are ten thousand angels,
Ready to obey command;
They are always hov'ring 'round you,
Till you reach the heavenly land.

- 4 There on flowery hills of pleasure;
In the fields of endless rest,
Love and joy and peace shall ever
Reign and triumph in your breast,
Who can paint those scenes of glory,
Where the ransomed dwell on high,
Where the golden harps forever
Sound redemption through the sky?
- 5 Millions there of flaming seraphs
Fly across the heavenly plain;
There they sing immortal praises—
Glory! Glory! is their strain;
But methinks a sweeter concert
Makes the heavenly arches ring,
And a song is heard in Zion,
Which the angels cannot sing.
- 6 See the heavenly host in rapture,
Gaze upon this shining band,
Wondering at their costly garments,
And the laurels in their hand!
There upon the golden pavement,
See the ransomed march along;
While the splendid courts of glory
Sweetly echo to their song.

7 O their crowns, how bright they sparkle!
 Such as monarchs never wear;
 They are gone to heavenly pastures,
 Jesus is their Shepherd there.
 Hail, ye happy, happy spirits!
 Welcome to the blissful plain;
 Glory, honor and salvation!
 Reign, sweet Shepherd, ever reign.

9 *Christian Diligence.* P. M.

Ye soldiers of Jesus, awake from your sleep,
 Ye trav'lers to Zion, how slowly you creep!
 The wicked outrun you in their sinful way,
 Who serve the worst master and hell is their pay.

Our Jesus invites us in mercy's sweet voice,
 So charming the music we all should rejoice,
 And leave all behind us and fly to his arms,
 Tho' sinners reject him for stores and for farms.

Remember you're passing from life unto death,
 A few scenes remaining will finish your breath,
 Your friends will desert you in your dusty bed,
 And pass by your dwelling with a solemn dread.

How happy the spirits that angels convey
 To regions of glory where always 'tis day,
 To dwell with sweet Jesus, bright angels and saints.
 Where all are so happy they have no complaints.

With gladness we'll leave all these trifles below.
 For heavenly glory, which there we shall know,
 Our bodies may moulder and crumble to dust,
 Till the resurrection of just and unjust.

And when the archangel his trumpet shall sound,
 To wake all the nations that sleep under ground,
 With shouts all triumphant our bodies shall rise,
 And fly to meet Jesus, our Lord, in the skies.

10 *Exciting to Prayer.* 8, 7.

- 1 Brethren we have met to worship
 And adore the Lord our God ;
 Will you pray with all your power,
 While we try to preach the word ?
 All is vain unless the Spirit
 Of the Holy One comes down.
 Brethren, pray, and holy manna
 Will be showered all around.

- 2 Brethren, see poor sinners 'round you,
 Trembling on the brink of woe ;
 Death is coming, hell is moving !
 Can you bear to let them go ?
 See our fathers—see our mothers,
 And our children sinking down ;
 Brethren, pray, and holy manna
 Will be showered all around.

- 3 Sisters, will you join and help us ?
 Moses' sister aided him ;
 Will you help the trembling mourners
 Who are struggling hard with sin ?
 Tell them all about the Saviour,
 Tell them that he will be found ;
 Sisters, pray, and holy manna
 Will be showered all around.

- 4 Is there here a trembling jailer,
 Seeking grace and filled with fears ?

Is there here a weeping Mary,
Pouring forth a flood of tears?
Brethren, join your cries to help them;
Sisters, let your prayers abound;
Pray, O pray that holy manna
May be scattered all around.

- 5 Let us love our God supremely,
Let us love each other too;
Let us love and pray for sinners,
Till our God makes all things new.
Then he'll call us home to heaven,
At his table we'll sit down;
Christ will gird himself and serve us
With sweet manna all around.
-

11 *Final Happiness.* L. M.

- 1 Come ye that know the Lord indeed,
Who are from sin and bondage freed,
Submit to all the ways of God,
And walk the narrow happy road.
- 2 Great tribulations you shall meet,
But soon shall walk the golden street;
Though hell may rage and vent its spite,
Yet Christ will save his heart's delight.
- 3 The happy day will soon appear.
When Gabriel's trumpet you shall hear
Sound through the earth, yea, down to hell,
To call the nations, great and small.
- 4 Behold the earth in burning flames!
The trumpet louder still proclaims:

The world shall hear and know its doom,
The separation day is come.

5 Behold the righteous marching home,
And all the angels bid them come;
While Christ the Judge, with joy proclaims
"Here come my saints—I own their names.

6 "Ye everlasting doors, fly wide,
Make ready to receive my bride;
Ye harps of heaven, sound aloud,
Here comes the purchase of my blood."

7 In grandeur see the royal line,
In glittering robes the sun outshine;
See saints and angels join in one,
And march in splendor to the throne.

8 They stand with wonder and look on:
They join in one eternal song,
The great Redeemer to admire,
While raptures set their souls on fire.

12

Retiring to Rest.

S. M.

1 The day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear;
O may we all remember well,
The night of death is near.

2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest,
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what we've here possessed.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fear,
Beneath the pinions of thy love,
Till morning light appear.

4 And when we early rise,
And view th' unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.

5 And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
O may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

13*At Parting.*

L. M.

1 Come, Christian brethren, ere we part,
Join every voice and every heart;
One solemn hymn to God we raise,
One final song of grateful praise.

2 Christians, we here may meet no more,
But there is yet a happier shore;
And there released from toil and pain,
Dear brethren, we shall meet again.

14*The whole armor of God.*

L. M.

1 My Captain sounds th' alarm of war,
Awake, the pow'rs of hell are near.
To arms! to arms! I hear him cry,
'Tis yours to conquer or to die.

2 Roused by the animating sound,
I cast my eager eyes around;

Make haste to gird my armor on.
And bid each trembling fear begone.

3 Hope is my helmet, faith my shield,
Thy word, my God, the sword I wield;
With sacred truth my loins are girt,
And holy zeal inspires my heart.

4 Thus arm'd I venture on the fight,
Resolved to put my foes to flight;
While Jesus kindly deigns to spread
His conqu'ring banner o'er my head.

5 In him I hope, in him I trust,
His bleeding cross is all my boast,
Thro' troops of foes he'll lead me on
To victory and the victor's crown.

15 *Fear none of these things.* C. M.

1 Hark, 'tis our heav'nly Leader's voice,
From his triumphant seat;
'Midst all the war's tumultuous noise.
How powerful and how sweet!

2 Fight on, my faithful band, he cries,
Nor fear the mortal blow,
Who first in such a warfare dies
Shall speediest victory know.

3 I have my days of combat known,
And in the dust was laid;
But thence I mounted to my throne,
And glory crowns my head.

4 That throne, that glory, you shall share:
My hands the crown shall give;

And you the sparkling honors wear,
While God himself shall live.

- 5 Lord, 'tis enough, our souls are fired
With courage and with love ;
Vain are th' assaults of earth and hell,
Our hopes are fixed above.

16 *A minister leaving his people.* C. M.

- 1 When Paul was parted from his friends,
It was a weeping day:
But Jesus made them all amends,
And wiped their tears away.
- 2 In heaven they meet again with joy,
(Secure no more to part,)
Where praises every tongue employ,
And pleasures fill each heart.
- 3 Thus all the preachers of his grace
Their children soon shall meet,
Together see their Saviour's face,
And worship at his feet.
- 4 But they who heard the word in vain,
Though oft and plainly warned,
Will tremble when they meet again
The minister they scorned.
- 5 On your own heads your blood will fall,
If any perish here ;
The preachers who have told you all,
Shall stand approved and clear.
- 6 Yet, Lord, to save themselves alone,
Is not their utmost view ;

O hear their prayer, their message own,
And save their hearers, too.

17 *The Lord is nigh.* L. M.

- 1 All those who seek a throne of grace,
May find one near in every place;
To those who love a life of prayer
Our God is present everywhere.
- 2 In pining sickness or in health,
In poverty or growing wealth,
The humble soul delights in prayer,
And God is present everywhere.
- 3 When Zion mourns and comforts fail,
And all her foes do scoff and rail,
'Tis then a time for secret prayer,
For God is present everywhere.
- 4 When some backslide and others fall,
And few are found that strive at all,
The faithful find in secret prayer
That God is present everywhere.
- 5 O then, my soul, in every strait,
To the Almighty come and wait:
He sees and every sigh doth hear,
And he will answer all true prayer.

18 *Spiritual Declension.* L. M.

- 1 Alas! alas! why is it so,
That Jesus' cause should run so low?
Is love so cold and faith so weak,
That none for Jesus now can speak?

- 2 Where is the love and heavenly zeal
That Christians formerly did feel,
When they did meet and joyful tell
The love of their Emmanuel?
- 3 Young converts then did praise the Lord,
They sung his praise with one accord;
While older Christians caught the flame,
And spake the glory of his name.
- 4 Cut short these days, O Lord, and come,
And bring us humbly 'round thy throne,
And we again shall love thy laws,
Again espouse thy bleeding cause.
-

19 *I will not let Thee go.* C. M.

- 1 As Jacob did in days of old,
So will my soul do now—
Wrestle and on my Jesus hold,
Nor will I let him go.
- 2 Like Jacob I am weak and faint,
And overwhelmed with woe;
Lord, hear and pity my complaint,
For I'll not let thee go.
- 3 I come, encouraged by thy word,
That mercy thou wilt show;
Except thou bless me, dearest Lord,
I will not let thee go.
- 4 I come to ask forgiveness free,
Though I have been thy foe;
Except thou grant it, Lord, to me,
I will not let thee go.

5 I come to tell thee of my fears
And conflicts here below;
Unless thy mercy, Lord, appears,
I will not let thee go.

6 Thus will I wrestle while I live,
A pilgrim here below;
And when in glory I arrive,
I will not let thee go.

20 *The Good Old Way.* P. M.

- 1 Lift up your hearts, Emmanuel's friends,
And taste the pleasures Jesus sends;
Let nothing cause you to delay,
But hasten on the good old way.
We'll serve the Lord, we'll watch and pray,
We'll serve the Lord in a righteous way.
- 2 Our conflicts here, though great they be,
Shall not prevent our victory,
If we but strive and watch and pray,
Like soldiers in the good old way.
- 3 O good old way, how sweet thou art!
May none of us from thee depart;
But may our actions always say,
We're marching in the good old way.
- 4 Though Satan may his powers employ,
Our happiness for to destroy,
Yet never fear, we'll gain the day,
And shout and sing the good old way.
- 5 Ye valiant soldiers of the cross,
Who count all earthly things but loss,

Continue still to watch and pray,
And hasten on the good old way.

6 The promised land is just in view,
And I'm resolved to go with you;
Press on, my soul and win the day,
By running in the good old way.

7 Then when on Pisgah's top we stand,
And view by faith that happy land,
Our God will wipe all tears away,
When we have run the good old way.

8 Then far beyond this mortal shore,
We'll meet with those who're gone before;
And shout to think we've gained the day,
By marching in the good old way.

21 *The Holy War.* L. M.

1 I've 'listed in the holy war,
Content with suffering soldier's fare;
The banner o'er my head is love;
I draw my rations from above.

2 I've fought thro' many a battle sore,
And I must fight through many more;
I take my breastplate, sword and shield,
And boldly march into the field.

3 The world, the flesh, and Satan, too,
Unite and strive what they can do.
On thee, O Lord, I humbly call,
Uphold me, or my soul must fall.

4 I've 'listed, and I mean to fight,
Till all my foes are put to flight;

And when the victory I have won,
I'll give the praise to God alone.

5 Come, fellow Christians, join with me ;
Come, face the foe and never flee ;
The heavenly battle is begun,
Come, take the field and win the crown.

6 With 'listing orders I have come ;
Come rich, come poor, come old and young.
Here grace's bounty Christ has given,
And glorious crowns laid up in heaven.

7 Our Chieftain, he has gone before ;
And you may draw on grace's store ;
But if you will not 'list and fight,
You'll sink into eternal night.

22 *God will bring thee to Judgment.* P. M.
Remember, sinful youth, you must die, you must die.
Remember, sinful youth, you must die.
Remember sinful youth, if you hate the way of truth,
And in your folly boast, you must die, you must die.
And in your folly boast, you must die.

Uncertain are your days, here below, here below,
Uncertain are your days, here below.
Uncertain are y'r days, for God hath many ways
To bring you to your grave, here below, here below,
To bring you to your grave, here below.

The God that rules on high, Great I AM, Great I AM,
The God that rules on high, Great I AM,
The God that rules on high hath said, and cannot lie,
Impenitents must die and be lost, and be lost,
Impenitents must die and be lost.

To a dreadful Judgment-day you are bound, you are bound
 To a dreadful Judgment-day you are bound,
 To a dreadful Judgment-day, let your mind be as it may,
 How can you yet delay? you are warn'd, you are warn'd,
 How can you yet delay? you are warned.

Then, O my friends, don't you, I entreat, I entreat,
 Then O my friends, don't you, I entreat,
 Then O my friends, don't you your wicked ways pursue,
 Your precious souls are dear, I entreat, I entreat,
 Your precious souls are dear, I entreat.

Then to your Saviour flee—'scape for life, 'scape for life,
 Then to your Saviour flee—'scape for life.
 Then to your Saviour flee, lest death eternal be
 Your awful destiny—'scape for life, scape for life,
 Your awful destiny—'scape for life.

23*The Trumpeters.*

P. M.

- 1 Hark, listen to the trumpeters!
 They sound for volunteers.
 On Zion's bright and flow'ry mount
 Behold the officers.
 Their horses white, their garments bright,
 With crown and bow they stand,
 Enlisting soldiers for their King,
 To march for Canaan's land.
- 2 It sets my heart all in a flame!
 A soldier I will be;
 I will enlist, gird on my arms,
 And fight for liberty.
 They want no cowards in that band,
 That from their colors fly,
 But call for valiant-hearted men,
 Who're not afraid to die.

3 The armies now are on parade;
 How martial they appear!
 All armed and dressed in uniform,
 They look like men of war.
 They follow their great Leader,
 The great eternal Lamb,
 His garments stain'd with his own blood,
 King Jesus is his name.

4 The trumpet sounds, the armies shout
 And drive the hosts of hell;
 How dreadful is our God in arms,
 The great Emmanuel!
 Sinners, enlist with Jesus Christ,
 Th' eternal Son of God,
 And march with us to Canaan's land.
 Beyond the swelling flood.

24 *Example of Christ.* 13's.
 Begin the 3d of Matthew, and read that chapter thro'
 It teaches true believers what they are call'd to do;
 It tells of John the Baptist, who in the wilderness,
 Did preach the joyful tidings of Christ, the Prince of
 [Peace.

Some Pharisees attended to be baptized of him,
 But he demanded fruit, or repentance wro't in them;
 Saying, I'll baptize you freely, when you confess
 your sin; [king.
 Submit to Christ the Saviour and own him for your

Then came the great Redeemer, Jehovah, God the Son.
 And was baptized in Jordan by his own servant John.
 As he came out the water, the Spirit from above,
 Descending, lighted on him, in the likeness of a dove.

The heav'ns thus were open'd that plainly you might
 A witness to the people that so it ought to be; [see

A voice, too, from the Father proclaim'd This is my Son,
In whom I am well pleased with all that he has done.

You that believe in Jesus, come show it by your love.
Come, follow his example, recorded from above.
Take up your cross as freely as Jesus did for you,
To him I recommend you, with heaven all in view.

25 *Nothing can harm you.* 7s.

1 Christians, if your hearts be warm,
Ice and snow can do no harm;
If by Jesus you are prized,
Rise, believe, and be baptized.

2 Jesus drank the gall for you,
He bore the curse to sinners due;
Children, prove your love to him,
Never fear the frozen stream.

3 Never shun the Saviour's cross,
All on earth is worthless dross:
If the Saviour's love you feel,
Let the world behold your zeal.

26 *Abraham offering up his son.* L. M

1 Saints, at your heav'nly Father's word,
Give up your comforts to the Lord;
He shall restore what you resign,
Or grant you blessings more divine.

2 So Abram, with obedient hand,
Led forth his son at God's command,
The wood, the fire, the knife he took;
His arm prepared the dreadful stroke.

3 "Abram, forbear," the angel cried,
"Thy faith is known, thy love is tried;

Thy son shall live, and in thy seed
Shall the whole earth be bless'd indeed."

- 4 Just in the last distressing hour,
The Lord displays delivering power;
The mount of danger is the place
Where we shall see surprising grace.
-

27 *Sufferings of Jesus.* C. M.

- 1 Save me, O God; the swelling floods
Break in upon my soul;
I sink, and sorrows o'er my head,
Like mighty waters roll.
- 2 I cry till all my voice be gone;
In tears I waste the day;
My God behold my longing eyes,
And shorten thy delay.
- 3 They hate my soul without a cause,
And still their number grows,
More than the hairs around my head,
And mighty are my foes.
- 4 'Twas then I paid that dreadful debt,
That man could never pay,
And gave those honors to thy law
Which sinners took away.
-

28 *Vengeance of God.* L. M.

- 1 Let God arise in all his might,
And put the troops of hell to flight;
As smoke that sought to cloud the skies,
Before the rising tempest flies.

- 2 He comes arrayed in burning flames,
Justice and Vengeance are his names :
Behold his fainting foes expire
Like melted wax before the fire !
- 3 He rides and thunders through the sky :
His name Jehovah sounds on high :
Sing to his name, ye sons of grace ;
Ye saints, rejoice before his face.
- 4 The widow and the fatherless
Fly for his aid in sharp distress ;
In him the poor and helpless find
A Judge most just, a father kind.
- 5 He breaks the captive's heavy chain,
And pris'ners see the light again ;
But rebels who dispute his will
Shall dwell in chains and darkness still.

29 *God the Thunderer.* C. M.

- 1 Sing to the Lord, ye heav'nly hosts,
And thou, O earth, adore ;
Let death and hell through all their coasts
Stand trembling at his power.
- 2 His sounding chariots shake the sky,
He makes the clouds his throne ;
There all his stores of lightning lie,
Till vengeance darts them down.
- 3 His nostrils breathe out fiery streams,
And, from his awful tongue,
A sovereign voice divides the flames,
And thunder rolls along.

- 4 Think, O my soul, the dreadful day,
 When this incensed God
 Shall rend the sky and burn the sea,
 And fling his wrath abroad!
- 5 What shall the wretch, the sinner do?
 He once defied the Lord!
 But he shall dread the Thunderer now,
 And sink beneath his word.
- 6 Tempests of angry fire shall roll
 To blast the rebel worm,—
 And beat upon his naked soul
 In one eternal storm.
-

30 *Washed in the Blood of the Lamb.* P. M.

Who, who are these beside the chilling wave,
 Just on the borders of the silent grave,
 Shouting Jesus' power to save,
 Washed in the blood of the Lamb.
 Sweeping thro' the gates to the New Jerusalem,
 Washed in the blood of the Lamb.
 Sweeping thro' the gates to the New Jerusalem,
 Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

These, these are they who in their youthful days,
 Found Jesus early, and in wisdom's ways,
 Proved the fullness of his grace,
 Washed in the blood of the Lamb. CHO.

These, these are they who in affliction's woes,
 Ever have found in Jesus calm repose,
 Such as from a pure heart flows,
 Washed in the blood of the Lamb. CHO.

These, these are they who in conflict dire
 Boldly have stood amidst the hottest fire ;
 Jesus now says, Come up higher,
 Washed in the blood of the Lamb. CHO.

Safe, safe upon the ever-shining shore,
 Sin, pain and death and sorrow all are o'er,
 We're happy now, evermore,
 Washed in the blood of the Lamb. CHO.

31 *Reunion.* S. M.

- 1 And are we yet alive
 And see each other's face ?
 Glory and praise to Jesus give,
 For his preserving grace.
 - 2 What troubles have we seen,
 What conflicts have we past,
 Fightings without, and fears within,
 Since we assembled last.
 - 3 But out of all the Lord
 Hath brought us by his love ;
 And still he doth his help afford,
 And hides our life above.
 - 4 Then let us make our boast
 Of his redeeming power,
 Which saves us to the uttermost,
 Till we can sin no more.
-

32 *God Calling Yet.* L. M.

- 1 God calling yet!—shall I not hear?
 Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?

Shall life's swift passing years all fly
And still my soul in slumbers lie?

2 God calling yet! shall I not rise?
Can I his loving voice despise,
And basely his kind care repay?
He calls me still—can I delay?

3 God calling yet—and shall he knock
And I my heart the closer lock?
He still is waiting to receive,
And shall I dare his spirit grieve?

4 God calling yet—and shall I give
No heed, but still in bondage live?
I wait—but he does not forsake:
He calls me still—my heart, awake!

5 God calling yet—I cannot stay;
My heart I yield without delay;
Vain world, farewell! from thee I part;
The voice of God hath reached my heart.

33

Parting Hymn.

L. M.

1 My Christian friends, in bonds of love,
Whose hearts the sweetest union prove,
Your friendship's like the strongest band—
Yet we must take the parting hand.

2 Your presence sweet, our union dear,
What joys we feel together here;
And when I see that we must part,
You draw like cords around my heart.

3 How sweet the hours have pass'd away,
Since we have met to sing and pray;

How loth are we to leave the place
Where Jesus shows his smiling face.

4 O could I stay with friends so kind,
How would it cheer my fainting mind;
But pilgrims in a foreign land,
We oft must take the parting hand.

5 My Christian friends, both old and young,
I trust you will in Christ go on—
Press on, and you will win the prize,
A crown of glory in the skies.

6 A few more days, or years at most,
And we shall reach fair Canaan's coast.
When in that holy, happy land,
We'll take no more the parting hand.

7 O blessed day! O glorious hope!
My soul rejoices at the thought,
When in that holy happy land,
We'll take no more the parting hand.

34 *Haste thee.* L. M. peculiar.
Haste, traveler, haste! the night comes on
And many a shining hour is gone;
The storm is gathering in the west,
And thou art far from home and rest;
Haste, traveler, haste!

Awake, awake! pursue thy way
With steady course, while yet 't is day;
While thou art sleeping on the ground,
Danger and darkness gather 'round;
Haste, traveler, haste!

The rising tempest sweeps the sky;
 The rains descend, the winds are high;
 The water swell, and death and fear
 Beset thy path; no refuge near:
 Haste, traveler, haste!

Haste, while a shelter you may gain—
 A covert from the wind and rain—
 A hiding-place, a rest, a home—
 A refuge from the wrath to come:
 Haste, traveler, haste!

Then linger not in all the plain;
 Flee for thy life—the mountain gain;
 Look not behind; make no delay;
 O, speed thee, speed thee on thy way!
 Haste, traveler, haste!

35

Chorusses.

S.M.

I want to go there to sing and shout with the
 Israelites.

I want to go there to walk the golden streets.
 (Come we that love the Lord, &c.)

L.M.

We are all united in one band,
 All in one band completely;
 We are marching thro' Emmanuel's land,
 Where the waters flow most sweetly.
 (Come you that love the Lord indeed.)

C.M.

O glory, hallelujah, praise ye the Lord !
O glory, hallelujah, love and serve the Lord.
(Amazing grace.)

L.M.

Travel on, travel on, ye soldiers of the Jubilee,
Travel on, travel on, ye soldiers of the cross.
(The Good Old Way.)

C.M.

O who's like Jesus ?
Hallelujah, praise ye the Lord !
There's none like Jesus !
Hallelujah, love and serve the Lord.
(In all my Lord's appointed ways.)

C.M.

O Lord, have mercy—
O Lord, have mercy—
O Lord, have mercy—
Have mercy, Lord, on me.
(Am I a soldier of the cross.)

S. M.

Blow, blow, blow the trump in Zion !
Blow, blow, we have the union victory.

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